

DELL

TRAIL TO THE TEXAS RANGERS

MARCH  
10¢

# the Lone Ranger



# "WAYS OF THE WEST"



A cowboy's saddle blanket has often been a bed blanket, folded smoothly to protect his mount's back from the chafing of the heavy stock saddle.



When the sharp edges of the user's chaps threaten to cut the horse's legs, his rider will bind them with strips cut from his saddle blankets.



After an exhausting ride, the cowboy may use the same blanket to protect his sweaty, weary horse from catching pneumonia in the cold wind.



Raiders and outlaws have other uses for the blanket—using it to muffle their horse's legs, deadening sound and leaving only a blunted track.



Often a benighted cowboy finds himself with no other bed than his horse's saddle blanket—no pillow but his saddle.



There is always the danger that a salt-hungry cow, finding the sweat-soaked blanket to her taste, will try to eat it. This really has happened!

# the Lone Ranger

## THE TRAIL TO THE TEXAS RANGERS

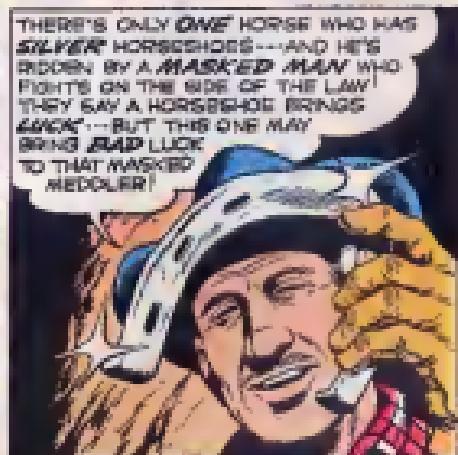
AS THE LONE RANGER RODE AND DAN RED GALLUP ACROSS A HIGH, BACK TRAIL IN TEXAS, SUDDENLY SILVER'S HORSESHOE CATCHES...



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**DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS**



ANNUITIES AND...

THREE RIDERS...  
AND ONE OF THEIR  
HORSES CAST A  
SHOE!

FINE! THE MASKED  
MAN CAN'T BE MAKING  
SUCH GOOD TIME NOW!  
WE'LL SOON CATCH UP!



SEE ME LIKE HE'S HEADING  
TOWARD THAT NEW TEXAS  
RANGER STATION THEY'RE  
OPENING UP IN THE  
PANHANDLE!



I WOULDN'T KNOW WHY HE'S RIDING THAT WAY, BUT I'VE GOT THE PERFECT WAY TO SHOW THE TEXAS RANGERS HOW WE FEEL  
ABOUT THEIR PUSHING INTO OUR TERRITORY.  
WE'LL FLING THE MASKED MAN RIGHT IN  
THEIR OWN BACKYARD!



MEANWHILE AS TONYO TAKES SEVEN TO  
TOMMY...

I-I HOPE I DON'T WORRY, DAN!  
I DON'T HAVE TO MAKE A SPEECH  
OR ANYTHING AT THAT CEREMONY  
TOMORROW!

DON'T WORRY, DAN!  
YOU'VE ALWAYS HANDLED  
YOURSELF WELL! IT'S  
QUITE AN HONOR TO HAVE  
A TEXAS RANGER STATION  
BEAR YOUR NAME...  
FORT REEDY!



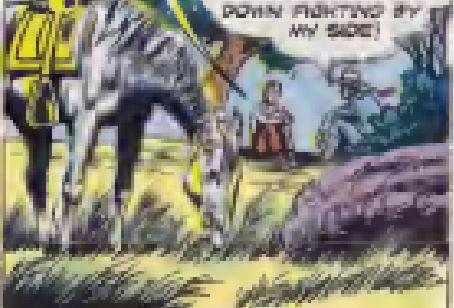
IT'S MY NAME, BUT IT'S  
BEING NAMED AFTER MY  
FATHER AND MY UNCLE,  
WHO BOTH WERE SUPPOSED  
TO HAVE DIED IN AN  
AMBUSH AT BRYANT'S  
GAP!

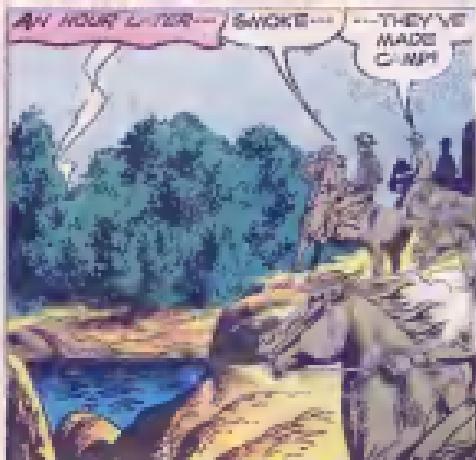
YOUR FATHER DIED  
THERE BRAVELY  
DAN, BUT YOUR  
UNCLE--THOUGH  
THERE'S A GRAVE  
FOR HIM BESIDE  
THOSE OF THE OTHER  
FIVE RANGERS--WASN'T  
KILLED!



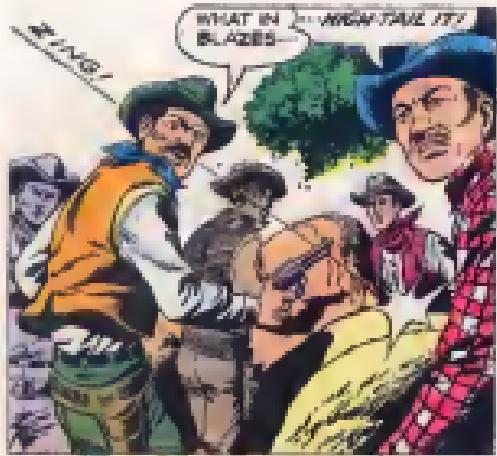
I KNOW JUST YOUR THAT'S A SECRET  
IDENTITY WAS BURNED  
THERE--NOW MY  
UNCLE IS THE  
LONE RANGER!

YOU SHARE WITH  
ONLY A FEW OTHER  
PEOPLE, DAN! AT THE  
CEREMONY ACT AS IF I  
HAD DIED THERE WHEN  
YOUR FATHER WENT  
DOWN FIGHTING BY  
MY SIDE!









AS A SHRIEK BURST SOUNDS ACROSS THE TEXAS PLAINS, DAN REID IS MARCHED UP TO THE COMMANDANT...

EVERY TEXAS RANGER STATION BEARS AN HONORED NAME AND THIS STATION WILL BE NAMED AFTER TWO BROTHERS WHO BROUGHT GLORY TO THE TEXAS RANGERS IN THEIR GALLANT PURSUIT OF DUTY!



SIDE BY SIDE THEY FOUGHT TO BRING LAW AND ORDER TO TEXAS --- BUT THEY LEFT MORE THAN JUST A TRADITION! THE OLDER BROTHER, CAPTAIN DAN, LEFT A SIGN--- DAN, I WANT YOU TO UNVEL THE SIGN THAT NAMES OUR NEW STATION!



DON'T BE ASHAMED OF TEARS, DAN! THOSE BROTHERS BLAZED A TRAIL WE ALL TRY TO FOLLOW!



AND DAN, THIS COMPANY WANTS YOU TO BE AN AGRICULTURAL TEXAS RANGER!

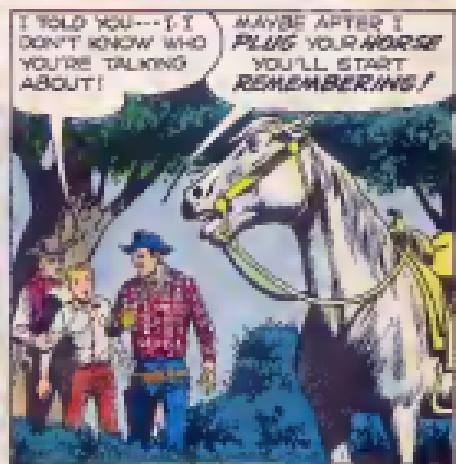
GOSH--- I-I GUESS I'M ABOUT THE LUCKIEST KID IN THE WORLD!



BUT SOON AFTER...

GRAB HIM!

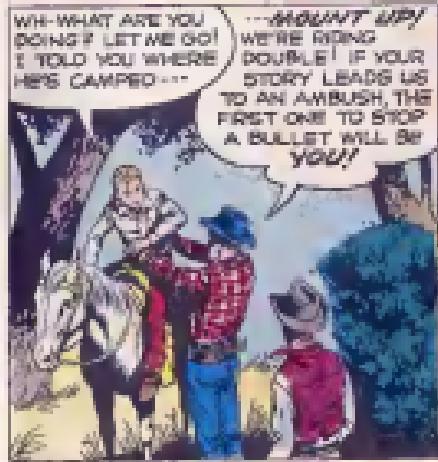




AS THE OUTLAWS KEEP POUNDING QUESTIONS AT HER, FINALLY---



WHEN THEY APPROACH THE CAMP THAT WAY--MY UNCLE AND TONTO WILL SEE THEM COMING! THEN THEY'LL HAVE A CHANCE! MEANWHILE, I'LL MAKE IT BACK TO THE RANGER STATION!



THEY SAW US RIDING UP....

--THAT MUST BE JUST THE WAY JUNIOR FIGURED IT!



NOW WE'LL FIND OUT HOW NOBLE AND BRAVE THAT MASKED MAN IS!...I'LL OFFER HIM THE KID'S LIFE FOR HIS OWN!



LANCE! BEHIND US!



EDDY VICTOR MUST HAVE GALLOPPED TO THE TEXAS RANGER STATION AND THEY BACKTRACKED HIM TO WHERE I WAS CAPTURED!



LANCE, WE'RE CORNERED... TRAPPED!

DON'T GET SPOOKY--WE'RE STILL HOLDING AN ACE!



LANCE, BOTH GROUPS OF YOU... FALL OUT OR THIS KID ISN'T GOING TO REACH VOTING AGE!



WE DO AS  
THEM SAY?

NOT YOU NEVER CAN TAKE AN  
OUTLAW'S WORD! PULLING  
OUT WILL NOT GUARANTEE  
DAN'S SAFETY! KEEP THEM  
TALKING WHILE I MAKE MY WAY  
UP THE SLOPE! I HAVE A  
PLAN---BUT IT'S A  
LONGSHOT!

HOW WE KNOWIN'  
YOU FREE BOY  
IF WE GOT?

RECKON YOU'LL JUST  
HAVE TO BELIEVE  
US!

AS TONTO AND THE OUTLAW LEADER  
CONTINUE TO TALK, SHOOTIN'...

A MASKED  
MAN...

...HOLD  
YOUR FIRE! THAT  
MASKED MAN'S ON OUR  
SIDE!

SO FAR THEY HAVEN'T  
SEEN ME! HOW TO GET  
TO WORK?

HEY!

GET YOUR FOOL HEAD  
DOWN! THIS ROLLIN' DELL  
BE OVER IN A MINUTE!

LEAF MORE THAN BROOKS HURLE DOWN  
THE SLOPE...



# the Lone Ranger

TOOTO, I'LL COVER YOU! CUT THAT MAN FREE!

UH! TOOTO GET ROPE, KEMO SABAY!

## THE HARD LESSON



A FEW SHOTS JUST IN FRONT OF THEM SHOULD MAKE THEM REIN IN AND STOP DRAGGING THAT MAN!

BANG! BLAM!



GET PALEFACE!



THEM RIDE OFF  
PLenty FAST!

IS THE MAN  
ALL RIGHT?



BE-SPOUSED AND CUT A  
BIT--BUT OTHERWISE  
...AND YOU'RE  
MASKED!

DON'T LET IT  
ALARM YOU! IF IT  
MEANT WHAT YOU  
THINK IT DOES, WOULD  
WE HAVE PRESSED  
YOU?

NO--I DON'T BELIEVE  
SO! BUT I'M AN EASTERNER  
--BORN TURNED-- AND  
BACK EAST, EVEN A  
SCHOOLTEACHER LIKE  
ME HAS READ THOSE  
'PENNY DREADFULS'  
THAT SAY ALL  
MASKED MEN OUT  
WEST ARE OUT-  
LAWS!

WELL, I HOPE  
THE MEETING  
PERMANENTLY  
CONTRADICTS  
THOSE ADVENTURE  
BOOKS! BUT  
WHAT IS A  
SCHOOLTEACHER  
DOING AT THE END  
OF AN INDIAN ROPES?



I CAME WEST TO HELP THE INDIANS! I  
THINK THERE'S ONLY HOPE FOR SURVIVAL  
IS IN LEARNING AND ADAPTING  
THE WAYS OF THE WHITE  
MAN! A FIRST STEP  
SEEMED TO BE TO  
TEACH THEM TO  
READ AND WRITE!

...AND THE ROPES  
--A SCHOOLBOY  
PRAISE FOR EXTRA  
HOMEWORK!



NO, THE BLACKFOOT CHILDREN  
TOOK TO MY LESSONS SO EAGERLY  
ENOUGH! BUT THE AMERICAN  
MAN SAW ME AS A RIVAL. HE  
TOLD THE CHIEF A VISION  
INFORMED HIM I WAS EVIL  
--AND MUST BE DRIVEN OUT!  
THE CHILDREN Sided WITH  
ME, BUT YOU SAW WHAT  
HAPPENED!

I'M GLAD  
WE KNOW  
IT IN  
TIME!  
NOW YOU'LL  
HEAD HOME!



NO, I WANT TO RETURN  
TO THE BLACKFOOT AND  
GET MY BOOKS! THEN  
I'LL START A SCHOOL  
AT ANOTHER CAMP!

TONTO AND I  
WILL RIDE WITH  
YOU! YOU MAY  
NEED HELP  
IN CARRYING  
YOUR BOOKS!



THAT'S MOST CONSIDERATE, BUT I DON'T LIKE INVOLVING OTHERS...

...ABOUT UP! YOUR TEACHING IS A GREAT SERVICE TO THE INDIANS AND TONTO AND I ARE ALREADY INVOLVED IN ANYTHING THAT HELPS THE WEST!



SOON...

I RECOGNIZE THEM! THEY'RE THE MEDICINE MAN'S ASSISTANTS!

HE MUST HAVE SEEN US WALK DOWN!



USE YOUR GUN, TONTO!

BANG!



MY SHOULDER...

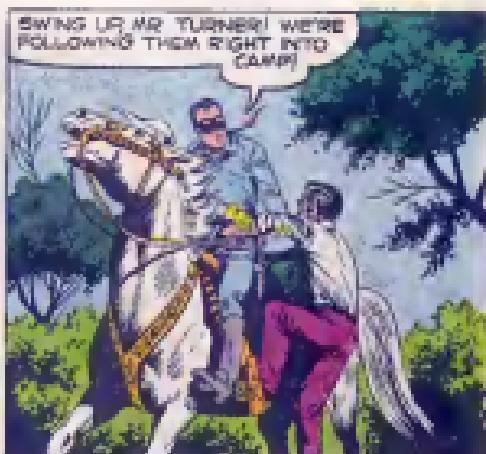


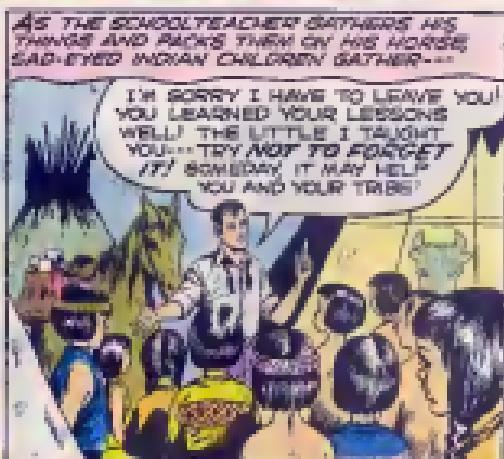
BANG!

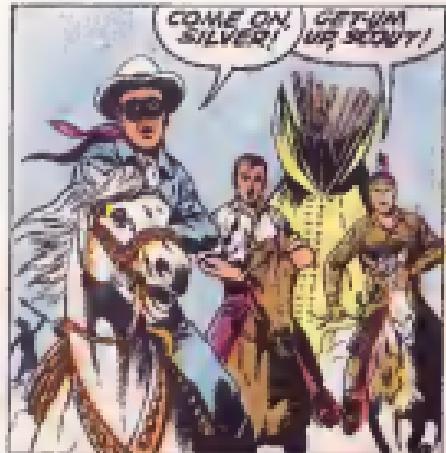
TAKE THE ONE ON THE LEFT, TONTO! I HAVE THE OTHER BRAVE!

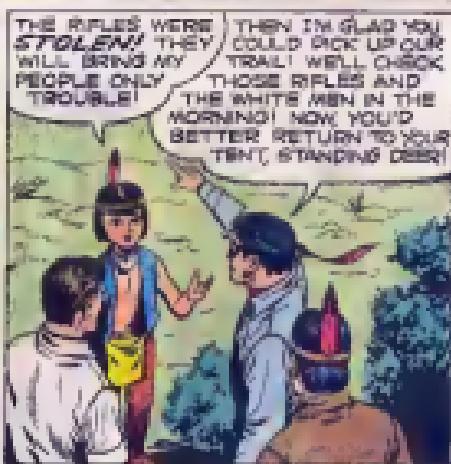
BLAM!











TONTO, SIT DOWN AND TELL EAGLE WING AND TO BUY THOSE RIFLES TILL HE MEETS ME HERE! I DON'T WANT TO GO TO HIS CAMP! THOSE WHITE MEN WOULD SEE MY MASAI!

GET-UM UP SCOUT!



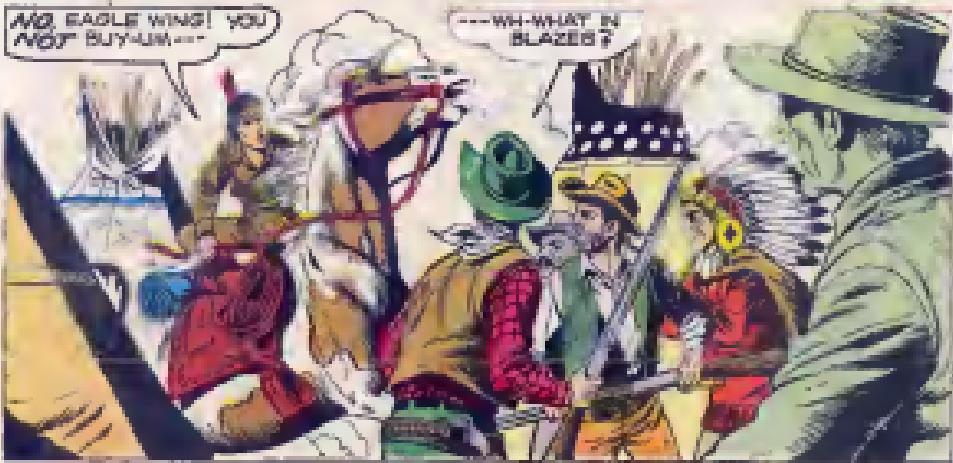
YOU INDIANS HAVE GOLD AND BECAUSE YOU'RE OUR FRIENDS, CHIEF, WE'LL SELL YOU THESE RIFLES **CHEAP!**

LIGHT PRICE  
YOU NAME  
NOT TOO  
HIGH BLACK-  
FEET BUY!



NO, EAGLE WING! YOU NOT BUY-UM...

---WH-WHAT IN BLAZED?



WE'LL HANDLE THIS MEDDLER...

---EAGLE WING! LISTEN TO TONTO!



TONTO'S FRIEND SAY...

---YOUR FRIEND SHOULD HAVE SAID ADIOS!





BUT BEFORE THE BLACKFEET CAN ADVANCE, A SMALL BUGLE SOUNDS  
ACROSS THE PLAINS . . .



MORNING, CAPTAIN  
BLACK! IF YOU'RE  
LOOKING FOR SOME  
ARMY RIFLES . . .

---I AM, BUT MORE  
PARTICULARLY,  
I'M AFTER THE  
FIVE POLICATS  
WHO JUMPED OUR  
SUPPLY WAGON YESTER-  
DAY AND STOLE THE  
WEAPONS!



EAGLE WING GLAD CAPTAIN SAY  
THEM HIS SMILES BEFORE  
EAGLE WING PAY FOR-UM EAGLE  
WING NOT WANT TO BUY STOLEN  
GUNS, BUT EAGLE WING STILL NOT  
KNOW HOW STANDING DEER  
LEARN THEM.

ARMY  
RIFLES



THAT WAS EASY!  
MR. TURNER TAUGHT  
US TO READ! ---

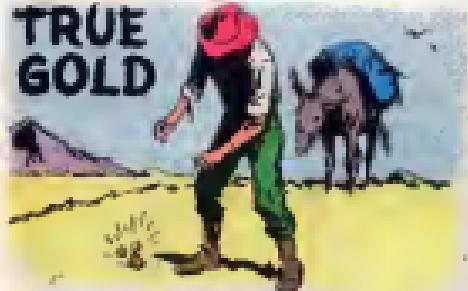
IF THOSE SKINS TELL  
STANDING DEER  
HOW TO KEEP HIS  
PEOPLE FROM GETTING  
INTO PLENTY TROUBLE,  
HE'D BE MAN **WRONG!**  
---READING AND WRITING  
IS GOOD THING FOR  
INDIANS! WHITE TEACHER  
STAY!



DO YOU  
HEAR ---  
---YES, STANDING DEER! MY-YO,  
I'LL GET A CHANCE TO **FINISH** MY WORK.  
HERE THANKS TO  
YOU AND THE  
WHITE RANGER!



# TRUE GOLD



Hal Baker dismounted at the assayor's office, eagerly lifting down heavy saddlebags filled with quartz rocks. They were flecked with gold . . . he hoped. If the assayor's test proved it was real gold ore, Baker would make the three-day ride to the County Seat and file claim to a gold strike in Redstone Canyon.

Puzzled, Baker found the office closed. Then he saw mounted men outside the bank. Among them was Charley Stark, the assayor.

"Let's go, men," said the sheriff to his posse. "The bank robbers probably headed north into the hills."

Baker watched them vanish, disappointed. He would have to wait hours for Stark to return and test his ore. Until then, he had to hold down his impatience—and keep his mouth shut. It was not wise to tell of gold before filing an official claim.

But Baker gasped, looking down at the footprints the bandits had left outside the bank. He saw bits of dried red mud . . . known only in Redstone Canyon! The bandits had set up their camp there, while the posse had ridden the opposite way.

Baker's tired horse could never overtake the posse, and before it returned and got to Redstone Canyon, the bandits probably would move on leaving no trail.

Baker shrugged. What could he do about it? Then he heard sobbing from the window of a nearby home. It was the Widow Blaine, left with four small children when her husband died.

"My savings in the bank," she wailed to a friend. "Gone. If the bandits aren't caught, the bank can't make good. I was saving for my children's education."

Baker winced. All over town people

would lose precious savings. All the able-bodied men were gone. All that remained were the usual loafers, who never did anything if they could help it.

"Listen," Baker told them. "The bandits went to Redstone Canyon. If we ride hard, we can get them while they rest their horses before moving on. Come on . . ."

None stirred. "We had no money in the bank," interred one. "Why should we risk our necks?"

Baker hesitated. One thing could lure them on the ride . . . gold! Should he tell of his strike? But that would start a gold stampede before Baker could file his own claim. Risky business.

Tom, Baker tried to shut out the faint sobbing he still heard from the Widow Blaine. Why risk losing his gold claim for her sake?

Baker sprung back. "Gold!" he yelled at the loafers. "I struck gold in Redstone Canyon. I'll show you where—after we grab the bandits."

"Gold?" Heads shot up eagerly. "That's different. Let's go."

At Redstone Canyon, Baker's posse took the robbers completely by surprise. Then Baker kept his bargain, pointing out the winding arroyo where gold waited. With a whoop the men deserted Baker, leaving him to bring in the bandits alone.

All the way back, Baker called himself a prize fool. They would probably jump his claim too, filing before he had a chance to. He had given up a bonanza for a sobbing widow . . .

In town, turning the bandits over to the sheriff, who had returned, Baker told his story bitterly. He showed the assayor his ore.

Stark examined it closely, then laughed. "Fool's gold!"

Baker jerked as if shot. His first shock of disappointment turned to an ironic chuckle. "Anyway, those claim jumpers gain nothing, even if I lose out."

"Who paid you lose out?" smiled the sheriff. "You led the way to those robbers, so I reckon you get the posted reward . . . \$5,000!"

Baker choked. Fool's gold or not, he had not been a fool after all.

# YOUNG HAWK

YOU ARE RIGHT,  
LITTLE BUCK --- OUR  
CANOE, WHICH HAS LIVED  
THROUGH SO MANY STORMS,  
WILL NEVER SAIL AGAIN!

WRECKED ON THE NORTHERN COAST OF  
TUGATAR PENINSULA, YOUNG HAWK AND  
LITTLE BUCK, WITH THE SMALL BOY,  
STARVING THEMSELVES UNARMED.

HELP ME, LITTLE BUCK! ---  
WE MUST SALVAGE OUR  
WEAPONS ---

YES! AND OUR FIRE  
TOOLS, TOO, YOUNG HAWK!  
--- BEFORE THEY ARE  
"WATER-SCORCHED"!

WE MAY  
NEED THIS  
ROPE!

--- AND OUR WATER  
BOTTLES! THIS COUNTRY  
LOOKS DRY!

NOW WHERE SHALL WE  
GO, YOUNG HAWK? INLAND,  
OR ALONG THE BEACH?

THERE SHOULD BE  
WATER INLAND ---  
MORE LIKELY  
NEAR NEVER!

A DESERT! WE  
COULD DIE OF  
THIRST HERE!

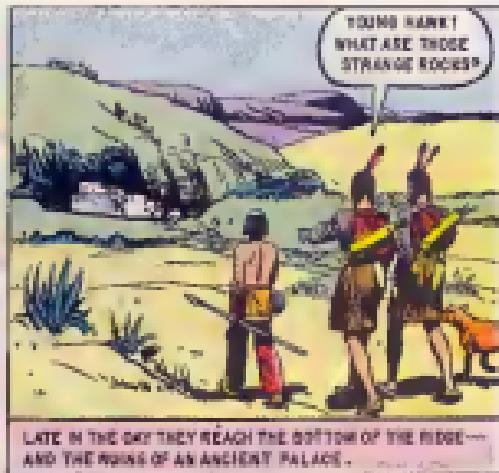
RESOLUTELY, BUT WITH LESS HOPE, THE  
CASTAWAYS PUSH SOUTHWARD OVER THE  
NEARLY BARREN PLATEAU.

TWO DAYS LATER ---

DRINK ONLY A LITTLE!  
WE MAY NOT FIND WATER  
WHEN WE REACH THAT  
BLUE RIDGE!



YOUNG HAWK!  
WHAT ARE THOSE  
STRANGE ROCKS?



LATE IN THE DAY THEY REACH THE BOTTOM OF THE RIDGE ---  
AND THE RUINS OF AN ANCIENT PALACE.

IT LOOKS LIKE A  
DWELLING PLACE WHICH  
MEN BUILT --- AND IT  
SEEMS VERY SLOW



GROWLER!  
GROWLER!

LITTLE BROTHER!  
WHAT --- ?

OVER THERE ---  
UNDER THAT WALL ---  
LOOK!

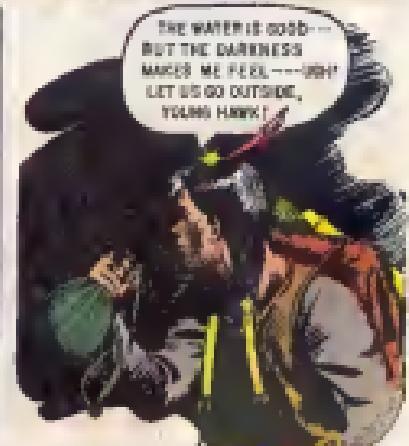
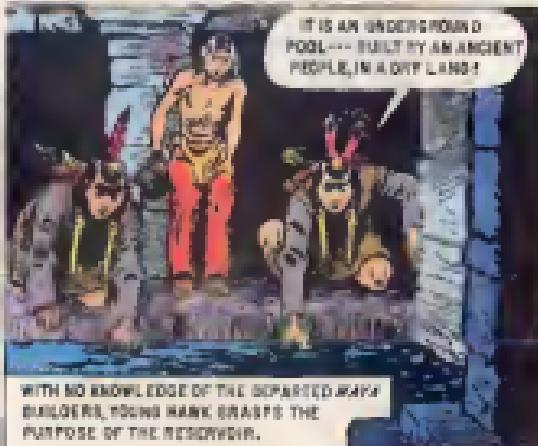
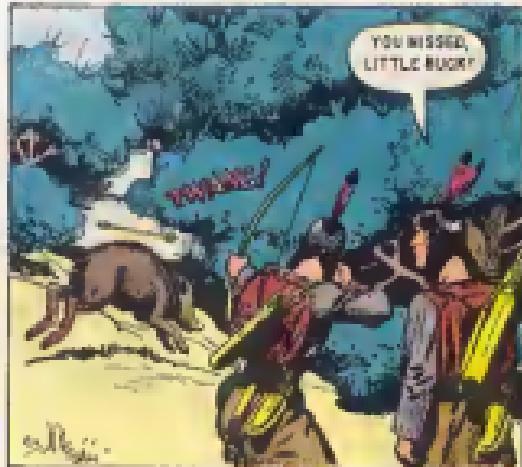


SUDDENLY THE SMALL HAWK ON YOUNGHAWK'S SHOULDER  
CHATTERS EXCITEDLY.

WAKE ---  
WAKE ---



FROM BEHIND ANOTHER RUINED WALL, A  
WILD BOAR POKES A DRIPPING SHOUT.

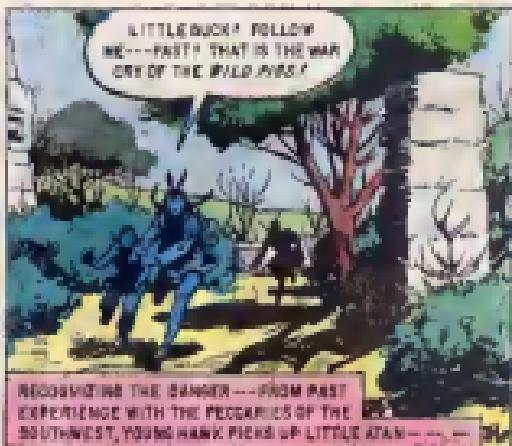




FROM THE BUSHES RISES A PIERCING SQUEAL--THE "HELP! HELP!" CRY OF A VERY YOUNG PUP!



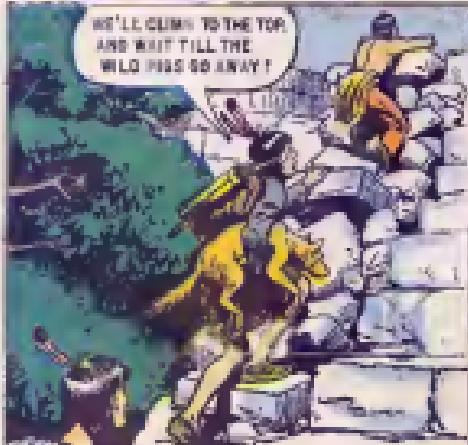
AND IT IS INSTANTLY ANSWERED FROM SEVERAL DIRECTIONS!

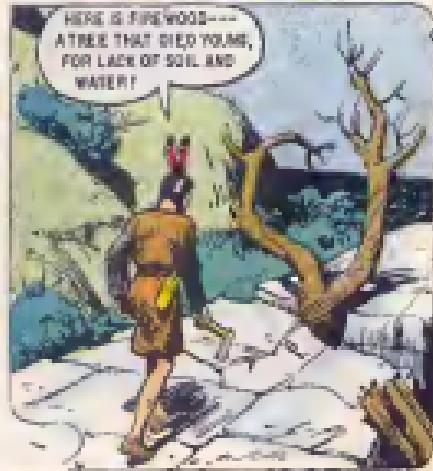


RECOGNIZING THE BANNER--FROM PAST EXPERIENCE WITH THE PEGASSES OF THE SOUTHWEST, YOUNG HAWK PICKS UP LITTLE ATAN----



TRYING TO RECOVE HIS DOG, TUMBLEWEED, LITTLE BUCK IS NEARLY TRAPPED HIMSELF!





AS NIGHT DESCENDS, THE LITTLE BLADE HELPS TO MAKE  
UP FOR THE LACK OF POSE.



LATER, FROM THE HILL BEHIND THE RUINED MAYA PALACE,  
A JAGUAR'S MORNING ROAR RISES AND FALLS; THE  
PECCARIES VANISH, SILENTLY, INTO THE NIGHT, BUT  
THE GREAT SPOTTED COAT

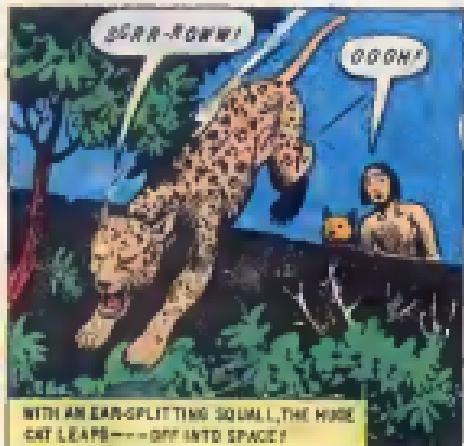


YOUNG HAWK'S SMALL PET, EVER ALERT, SHRIEKS  
A WARNING OF DANGER UNSEEN.





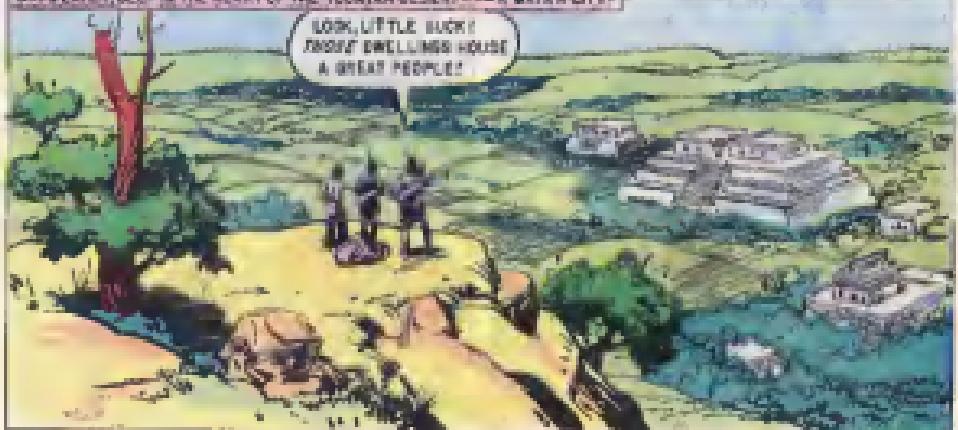
"IN ONE SPLIT INSTANT, HE SNATCHES A HALF-BURNED STICK FROM THE DYING FIRE, AND HURLS IT---STRAIGHT AT THE  
SHARLINE MASK!"



"WITH AN EAR-SPLITTING SQUALL, THE HUGE  
CAT LEAPS---OFF INTO SPACE!"



"DAYS LATER, DEEP IN THE HEART OF THE YUCATAN DESERT---A MAYAN CITY!"



"LOOK, LITTLE HUCKY!  
THOSE DWELLINGS HOUSE  
A GREAT PEOPLES!"



UNEXPECTEDLY, YOUNG HAWK AND HIS  
COMPANIONS COME UPON A NATIVE  
COUPLE PLANTING CORN.



...AND IN THIS CONFIDENCE THE  
SEEDS OF FRIENDSHIP TAKE ROOT.





# the CEDAR BIRD

Cedar birds are the roving members of the waxwing family. With no fixed seasons for migrating, they are found from the northern British provinces to Central America in winter. Because they travel in such large numbers, these birds quickly use up all the food in a neighborhood, and are forced to move on—leading a nomadic life.

About four-fifths the size of a robin, the back and prominent crest of the male Cedar Bird is a rich grayish brown in color, while his breast is lighter and more yellow. A velvety black line runs around his forehead, and his wing ends are trimmed with a bright yellow band. The female is similarly colored, but duller.

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little sugared corn puffs, nourishing and crisp